Fort Benton Record.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(*In Advance.*)

One Copy, one year..... $5 00
One copy, six months,..... 3 00
One copy, three months..... 2 00
One copy, one month..... 1 50

SINGLE COPIES TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Poetry.

WOMAN AND WINE.

Pop! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the bright champagne,
By the light of the day that was dying
He filled up their glasses again.
"Let the last, best toast be 'woman,'
Woman, dear woman," said he,
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong, brown fingers,
And held them tight, as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her fond voice fell on his ear:
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in tear-drops,
Rather by far than in wine.

By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
By his children who beg for bread,
By the fate of her whose beloved one
Looks on the wine when it is red,
By the kisses changed to curses,
By tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken,
We love no woman in wine!

What has wine brought to woman?
Nothing but tears and pain,
It has torn from her arms her lover
And proven her prayers in vain;
And her household gods, all shattered,
Lie tangled up in the vine.
Oh! I pr'thee, pledge no woman
In the curse of so many—wine!"

Selected Story.

The Lightning Stroke.

Miss Derwent walked up and down one of the garden paths, a little contracted wrinkle between her straight brows, her lips compressed in a firm line, and a very thoughtful light in her eyes as she looked away across the sunlit emerald slope. As fine a stretch of landscape as one may often see was that her glance rested upon, the long velvety decline, the river all dimpled and breaking into golden glints, the boats upon it floating like white-winged doves of peace, the swelling hills which bounded the horizon with the purple haze of distance tinting them, but Miss Derwent just then was unmindful of that fair view.

A vexed question was in her mind, one she had brought down into this obscure pathway with the determination of thinking it out and settling it finally then and there. A task broken in upon by the approach of a man's step, her thoughts broken in upon by a rich baritone trolling a song as he came:

"Addieu forever, my love!" Is it to be that, Helen, or will you accept my amendment and make it 'never more?' Self-depreciation is eminently one of my virtues, but I claim to deserve an answer after this much patient waiting. What is it to be?"

Very handsome and showing no great impatience so far as outward appearance went, he stood leaning lazily against a clematis-wreathed cross, smiling forward into the thoughtful, perplexed face the girl turned toward him.

"How can I tell? I never suspected I should find myself in the troublesome dilemma of not knowing my own mind where so important a matter is concerned, but—I haven't yet decided, Mr. Vargrave. You must have patience yet a little longer."

"There is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue, Miss Derwent. I have been telling myself that I have reached it. For myself I've been too willing to trust to my insecure paradise. The rainbow of hope may be ever so *bright*, but it isn't satisfactory. I had a letter last mail, and in that letter I'm summoned away; it depends upon you whether I go or stay. Knowing how much your answer involves—everything, Helen—which shall I do?"

A quick gleam came into her face, she looked up and made her reply promptly:

"Go, by all means. That would solve my difficulty to a nicety. Give me the test of absence and I should know myself better."

This was not in accordance with his expectation. A little of the smiling confidence in his handsome countenance abated, something almost reaching passionate pleading dawned there.

"I'll not go—not until my last hope is gone. Helen, my Helen, be mine, and do away with my doubts and suspense. Say that you will. If you cared for me in your heart you would never dally like this."

Surely Mr. Vargrave's love-making upon this day was doomed to poorer success than it usually met. For the second time he had struck a wrong chord.

"Then I don't care for you—not in that way—not as you would wish me, you know I told you so at first. Take that for an answer, I really wish you would, and go."

"You wish it!" Did she? She was by no means sure with the light of those dark reproachful eyes shining upon her. "Then you have been trifling with me, Miss Derwent! If that be the truth I will never put faith in woman again. It is what I might have expected. I am no equal match for you. I have been a fool in my presumption to suppose you might care more for the heart I offer than your own position.—I find myself mistaken, and it serves me right for having cherished such preposterously Quixotic faith in your sex. But I understand. Ross Terry is an equal match for you, and he is coming. And it is because of him you would throw me over, Helen!"

She looked away from him across the valley, closed her lips tightly for one instant, then opened them as she said steadily:

"What if it is?"

"If it is—look at me, Helen; see if you think I have blood or water in my veins—if it is, the woman who might have saved me will have been my ruin. I was on the downward course when I knew you first. For your sake I tried to redeem myself.—That is past, and there is a Lethe for those who seek it. It is the fate I fixed for myself years ago, so you need have no self-reproach when the dark waters close over my head. If you give me up, Helen, I give up every hope life holds for other men."

There was a recklessness both in his tone and look quite in accordance with his words, a vivid recklessness which struck a chill through her. He had been well advanced on the road to ruin when she knew him first; he drank, he gambled, the impress of a fast life had stamped itself in haggard traces on that almost perfect face of his, and through her influence he had reformed. Could she deliberately send him back into that gulf of despair? There had been plenty to say that Mr. Vargrave played his cards exceedingly well, that the scapegrace of half-dozen years' standing and a score of disreputable escapades had engaged in a bold game, and with a chance to win. All this from side currents which Miss Derwent did not heed, and yet she could not wholly approve the man. And there was another consideration, she was herself in a measure committed to Ross Terry. Not irrevocably, not in the way of a promise at all; no more committed in point of fact than to Allan Vargrave himself. He had asked her to marry him, and liking him very much—more even than she admitted to herself—she had taken time to consider, and come to this country place into daily, almost hourly sight of Vargrave's handsome face. If he had been but one shade less perilously handsome his rivalry might have been as nothing; but it is not in fiction only that classical features and speaking eyes and loves of moustaches, backed by the spice of wickedness which gives its possessor a kind of enviable notoriety, will outweigh honor and principle and trusty worth. She had been a beauty worshiper all her life too, in that fact lay all Vargrave's strength, all her own weakness.

"If I lose you, I lose everything which makes life worth the living. You cannot be so hard, so cruel. You cannot turn against me, you who hold my future in your hand—you shall not! Listen to me, Helen!"

He took both her hands in his, he looked down into her eyes with that recklessness of despair, she thought it, in his face.

"My letter was from that evil genius of my life—Littell, asking me to join him again at Portsmouth. You know what it means if I go, and I surely shall if you reject me. My love, my darling, my more than life, forgive me for the cowardice of urging *that* upon you, but—save me! Your love can do it, nothing else will."

She was white to her lips. She believed him, every word, how could she do otherwise with him there beside her, his eyes looking into hers. A sense of his own triumph thrilled through him before she had spoken one word.

"What can I say, Allan? what can I do? I doubt myself, and yes! I must say it, I doubt you. Not now, not when you are beside me looking at me like this. Do you know what people say? that you care for me only for what I could bring you.—Tell me the truth—only the truth as you hope for Heaven's mercy. Is it for myself alone or for that?"

"For yourself alone, Helen, as I hope for Heaven's mercy." Mr. Vargrave seldom had a qualm in making like solemn assertions, but this one did impress him with an uncomfortable sense of having invited Heaven's wrath upon his head "My answer now, dearest. Was it yes?"

It was "Yes," spoken with her pale face upon his shoulder, his glowing triumphant face bent above her drooping, perfumed hair.

"You have made me the happiest man upon earth," he said, laughingly, a few moments afterwards, when their language of expression had come to be words again. "You are not going already?"

"Going. I have been here for ages, almost; but surely it can't be sunset?"

"Surely not, and yet not far from it. A cloud has come up while we were too absorbed to observe, it would appear. It promises the very dickens of a thunder storm, if I know anything of signs. Come good, or come evil, you won't regret, Helen?"

"Come good, or come evil, I won't regret, Allan."

She gave the answer readily, but she was pale still; even in those supreme moments she was not satisfied with herself. He looked after the graceful, slender form when she had left him, a very complacent, slightly-scornful smile was upon his lips. He produced a cigar-case, and leisurely struck a fusee.

"Many women have paid me the compliment of losing heart and head to me," he said to himself; but you have paid me the higher compliment of surrendering the first without having the last quite turned from its level. It will make deuced hard lines for me until the knot is tied; but the game is well worth the candle. It shall be 'haste to the wedding' soon, if my arguments can prevail, and I haven't lost faith in them."

An hour after Miss Derwent appeared in the parlor, to find there with her hostess two later guests than any of whose arrival she had been aware. Ross Terry's face was the first to greet her; Ross Terry's half-sister, Miss Duval, was presented to to her.

"I thought you were not expected for days yet," she said, with a guilty consciousness struggling at the sight of Ross Terry's frank, bright face, lighting, as it did, upon beholding her.

"Neither were we, I believe. It's all due to Mignon. She hastened my movements by her beseeching letters. She was homesick, tired of Portsmouth; like Marianne of the Moated Grange, 'aweary, aweary.' So to Portsmouth I went, and here we both came at the earliest possible moment afterward."

"You are from Portsmouth, Miss Duval?' asked Helen, interestedly. "The second of our party who hails from that place. Do you chance to have known there Mr. Vargrave?"

Over Mignon Duval's face a sudden, startled pallor spread.

"Whom?" she asked, with an abrupt, sharp intonation which drew her brother's eyes upon her.

"Mr. Allan Vargrave. He is here at present."

"Here!" She caught that watchful glance upon her just in time, repressed the strong agitation which had come into both her face and voice. "I think I do know Mr. Allan Vargrave," she said, very quietly, and left her place a moment after, passing through one of the open windows to the verandah.

She stood there leaning against a vine-wreathed pillar, her hands hanging before her strained in a tight clasp, her eyes upon the sky where heavy black clouds were fast massing, while a lurid glow from the west was shed angrily over the storm-threatening scene. A touch fell upon her shoulder; she looked up with a start into her brother's face.

"Mignon," he asked, most abruptly, "what has that man ever been to you? He has been something; your looks tell me that."

"He is nothing now, Ross."

"He is this: He is an unprincipled scoundrel, an adventurer, and my rival.—If he were an honest man I would take my chance beside him, and whatever the result, abide by it. Now, whatever my fate may be, Helen must be saved from him. What do you know of him, Mignon? Nothing good I'll be bound."

"Nothing but what is false and base and cowardly. O, Ross, brother! all the suffering of all my life has been through him. You asked what he was to me. He was my lover, my betrothed husband, and after our wedding day was set he deserted me for a richer woman, deserted her in turn when misfortune and adversity befell her. Pray Heaven the blight of his evil-doing may not fall upon you."

"Or her," said Ross Terry, quite below his breath.

The black clouds massed yet more blackly. The parlors were shrouded in gloom dense as night. White lightning flashes cut through the darkness now and again. A group of guests in the house, shivering with a delicious sense of the terrible in natural manifestations, had assembled there.

"Lights?" repeated some one as these were proposed. "O, dear, no! Let's have the storm at its grandest. There's something horribly fascinating in these summer thunder gusts."

The thunder broke out in a sharp, rattling burst at that. A rift of swift, evanishing light cut through the gloom, and then in one dense sheet the rain came down.

"You are not afraid?" asked Vargrave, joining Helen where she stood in one of the long, open windows.

"Certainly not; I like it. There was a full minute of constant light as I stood here first—all the world looked spectral under it."

"And you looked like a spectre outlined against it in all this white drapery. Will you not take cold?"

"Not I. Have you spoken to Mr. Terry?"

"Scarcely that. We bowed most frigidly, and he favored me with a look—such a look! Othello-like jealousy in it, I do assure you. Putting myself in his place, I don't wonder at it. If I had the expectation of your becoming Mrs. Terry before me, I would—"

A reverberating roll drowned his words.

"What?" she asked with a laugh as it died away.

He leaned forward and took from her hand a little gleaming object she held, a steel dagger which she had been using as a paper-knife half an hour before.

"I would end all future misery with some such pretty toy as this," he said, brandishing it before him, and just then one of those frequent lightning flashes lit up the scene. Lit up more than he had beheld hitherto, disclosed to him Mignon Duval where she stood within the sheltered verandah, so close that by stretching forth his hand he might have touched her. Their glances met. For one instant he stood transfixed. Then, with a muttered curse upon his lips, he started forward. At that there was a great crash and blinding flash almost simultaneously, a sea of fire swam before the eyes of those nearest. Vargrave fell forward upon his face. A narrow black line marked his chest, and the little dagger was a shapeless mass of melted steel when they took him up.

And Helen sorrowed for him as she might have done for a far better man, but she never knew of his baseness. Ross Terry spared her the knowledge, and it was Ross Terry who comforted her, who gained his own reward when the time came for that, as it did ere long.

Dancing.

With one person it is the poetry of motion; with another it is about as awkward a performance as putting yourself on a level and going through the motion of running up-stairs would be. A Kentucky girl is a natural waltzer, and she does it with a *chic* and *abandon*. An Ohio girl's waltzing is easy, graceful and melodious. If she happens to come from Cincinnati, and across the Rhine, she swings dreamily round and round in the endless 'Dutch waltz.' If she comes from Chicago, she throws her hair back, jumps up and cracks her heels together, and carries off her astonished partner as though a simoon had struck him, and knocks over all intervening obstacles in her mad career around the room. If she is from Indiana, she creeps closely and timidly up to her partner, as though she would like to get into his vest pocket, and melts away with ecstacy, as the witching strains of the 'Blue Danube' sweep through the hall. If she is from Missouri, she crooks her body in the middle like a door hinge, takes her partner by the shoulders, and makes him miserable in trying to hop around her without treading on her No. 9 shoes. If she comes from Michigan, she astonishes her partner by now and then working in a touch of the double shuffle, or a bit of pigeon-wing with the waltz step; and if she belongs hereabouts, she throws both arms around his neck, rolls up her eyes as she floats away, and is heard to murmur, *"Oh, hug me, John!,"*

Theological Starch.

That dreadful, ministerial starch attracts the attention of Spurgeon, who says to his brother clergymen:

"If you have indulged in it, I would earnestly advise you to go and wash in Jordon seven times and get it out of you, every particle of it. I am persuaded that one reason why workingmen so universally keep clear of ministers is because they abhor their artificial and unmanly ways. If they saw us in the pulpit and out of it, acting like real men and speaking naturally like honest men, they would come round to us, Baxter's remark still holding good: 'The want of a familiar tone and expression is a great fault in most of our deliveries, and that which we should be very careful to amend.' The vice of the ministry is that ministers will 'parsonificate' the gospel. We must have humanity along with our divinity if we would win the masses. Every one can see through affectations, and people are not likely to be taken in by them. Fling away your stilts, brethern, and walk on your feet; doff your ecclesiasticism and array yourself in truth."

Looking for the Editor.

A Western editor has put into practice a plan which will enable all papers to dispense with the usual fighting member of the staff. One morning he was waited upon by the biggest kind of a fellow, armed with a terrific cudgel, with several sundry protruberances sticking out all round marvelously resembling Colt's, Derringers, and bowies, who saluted him with: "Where's that scoundrel, the editor?" "He is not about, but please take a seat and amuse yourself with a paper, he will be in in a few minutes," and hurried down stairs, at the foot of which, he met another man still more profane and fierce, who asked the same question in the same language. "Oh," said the retreating editor, "go up stairs; you will find him reading the paper." Accordingly up he went, like a high pressure steam-engine, letting off steam at every step. Our friend waited a minute, and such a crash—as if all Pandemonium was let loose. What the result was, was never known, as our friend didn't wait.

Girls do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think, and were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost, in a generation, revolutionize society about them. Exert your power for good upon the young men who are privileged to enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and good woman—whose life is mighty as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive loveliness. Do not let it even seem that dress and frivolity constitute your only thoughts; but let the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side. Some of you are in intimate associations, which under exchanged promises, look forward to a nearer and more enduring relation. In these hours do nothing to lower, but everything to refine and ennoble each other's character.

"Are you going to make a flower-bed here, Judkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener.

"Yes, miss; them's the orders," answered the gardener.

"Why, it will quite spoil our croquet ground!"

"Can't help it, miss; them's your pa's orders. He says he'll have it laid out for horticulture, not for husbandry!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A young man at a musical party being told to "bring out the old lyre," brought out his mother-in-law.

A Pennsylvanian bet $6 00 that he could eat fifty quarts of peanuts in twenty-five hours. He got away with forty, and then death got away with him.

Now is a good time to buy thermometers. They are lower now than they have been since last spring.

A fortune awaits the genius who will invent a way of making babies consume their own cry.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

What fruit does a newly married couple most resemble? A green pair.

Better be laughed at for not being married, than to be made to laugh because you are.

Do not abuse a newspaper or book because you have not the inclination or sense to understand scarcely anything in it.

Good humor and good sense go hand in hand together. Your man who is perpetually serious is a dangerous person—sure, in the long run, to degenerate into a morose fanatic.

"Who's there," said Jenkins one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste, ain't it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of the match, lost his situation.

A man who had saved the life of a daughter of a Boston millionaire, received $2.50 from the grateful parent. He was so overcome with the magnificent bounty that he paid out every cent of it to seventeen organ grinders to simultaneously serenade his benefactor.

It is said that the Sandwich Islanders believe that Beelzebub walked the earth in the form of a woman. And now and then a man is to be found in this country who believes so too, and that he has married that woman.

Sin is never at a stay. If we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.

Evil thoughts cherished are like the nest of caterpillars in a fruit tree. They will increase until every branch of the moral life loses the adornings of virtue and sinks in death.

A Western paper says that the way to kill off the poets who offer to write pieces gratuitously is to accept their efforts, hand them to the worst compositor, and let the proof-reader correct them according to his own ideas of prosody. This is warranted to destroy the strongest poetical fever in three weeks.

Do we not sin in prayer when we ask God to bestow that which we slothfully refuse to obtain by the use of his appointed means?

As Lavender, the other day at dinner, gazed intently into his plate, he remarked: "Only a woman's hair! It's very sentimental, no doubt, put somehow it gets away with my appetite."

Two medical societies met in Portland the other day. A car load of grave-stones also arrived during the day. It is not often that the eternal fitness of things sticks out in this manner.

A Davenport newspaper speaks of a doctor in the city, "looking with a deep-meaning smile upon a large lot of green cucumbers in the market." On his way home he was observed to whisper confidentially to several undertakers.

Time, 12 M. yesterday: Dirty-faced child loquitor—"Papa, why don't they wash my face and put clean clothes on me?" Distressed Paterfamilias—"Shut up, Tommy; your mamma's in the front parlor reading the Beecher Tilton business."

Sir George Rose being introduced one day to two charming young ladies whose names were Mary and Louisa, he instantly added, with a bow, "Ah, yes! Marie-Louise—the sweetest pear I know," a compliment almost worthy of being coupled with that most beautiful one of Sydney Smith, suggested by the sweet pea. A young lady walking with him in the garden, paused to examine a favorite flower, on whidh she had bestowed great pains. "I am afraid, Mr. Smith," she said, "that this pea will never come to perfection." "Then allow me," said he, taking her politely by the hand, "to lead perfection to the pea!"

An amusing story is told in *Scribner's Magazine* of a verdant youth who went to buy the practice of a country doctor. The doctor said his patients were so numerous he could not remember them all, but his horse knew them, and always stopped at their doors. The next day the country doctor drove his customer through town, and as he said, the horse stopped at nearly every door. The bargain was concluded and the money paid. The purchaser remained in town, and for several days wondered why no patients came. He ceased to wonder, however, when he found his predecessor had borrowed his milkman's horse in showing him around.

A black tie—a darkey wedding.

A bad thing to keep—late hours.

The best thing out—an aching tooth.

All popular actresses draw, and several of them paint.

Great works are performed more through perseverence than strength.

Dubuque, Iowa, has a living man with two ounces of his brain gone.

Troubles are like dogs; the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

A Milwaukee woman has smoked the same pipe for thirteen years. It is a strong one.

In some of the new styles there is no change. Poor relatives are out the same as last year.

Wit is the boomerang that strikes and graciously returns to the hand. Sarcasm is the envenomed shaft that sticks in the victim's gizzard.

The bathers at Newport had the pleasant privilege recently of gazing on a white shark five feet in length and possessing an excellent set of teeth, which was caught in a fish tray near Fort Wolcott.

A greenhorn sat a long time very attentive, musing on a cane-bottom chair. At length he said: "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes and put straws around 'em."

Whenever you see a small boy emerging from the house with his left arm shading his eyes and the other smoothing the basement of his trousers; it is safe to arrive at the conclusion that he has been chasing the bootjack around his father.

He lives in Rhinebeck now—108 years of age, threads a needle at arm's length, slept with Noah when a boy, played marbles with Pharaoh, and turned the grindstone for G. W. to sharpen his little cherry cutter.

The Pittsburgh, Pa., toy is a lightning-rod wagon with an insurance agent perched in the rear. When the child is tired of it, it can be blown up with gunpowder, and please him and his papa, too.

"I hate any thing that occupies more space than it is worth," says William Hazlitt; "I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them."

A Maryland man whose wife dropped dead a few days ago, had the funeral put off one day longer to get the balance of his corn husked. He said it wouldn't make any difference to her, as she was always good-natured.

If you drink moderately, you are a moderate drunkard.

"I should like, too, to see a world peopled with women alone; but I never shall—I would not dare to go near it."

After praying to God not to lead you into temptation, do not throw yourself into it.

The only safe way of dealing with duty is to perform it at once. "What thou doest, do quickly."

When a Persian speaks up and says that the Shah is an old long-nosed rhinoceros, he has just about time, before his head flies off, to send word to his wife that she needn't sit up to unlock the hall door for him that evening.

Perplexed Schneider, who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously: "De coat is goot! It's no fault of de coat. De boy is too thin."

A man out West who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of "eternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenuous No. 2 merely says: "Poor dear man! How I wish he had not died!"

"I should like to see a world peopled with men alone, just to learn what kind of creatures they would become; but I never expect to. There would be but one man at a time. He would have eaten all the rest."

Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effect as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; may complain of intrusion or interference; but the frown is smoothed away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips are stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.

Energy is omnipotent. The clouds that surround the houseless boy of to-day are dispersed, and he invited to a palace. It is the work of energy. The child who is a beggar this moment, in a few years to come may stand forth the admiration of heroes! Who has not seen the life-giving power of energy? It makes the wilderness to bloom as the rose; whitens the ocean, navigates our rivers, levels mountains, paves with iron a highway from State to State, and sends, with the speed of lightning, messages from one extremity of the land to the other. Without energy what is man? A fool, a clod.

The Benton Record.

VOL. II. FORT BENTON, M. T., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1876. NO. 23.

Fort Benton Record.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.